

THE 11659 de 18  
LOYAL MOURNER

FOR THE

*Best of Princes :*

Being A

COLLECTION

OF

P O E M S

Sacred to the Immortal Memory of Her late MAJESTY

Queen ANNE.

By a Society of GENTLEMEN.

Published by Mr. OLDISWORTH. (C)

*VIRTUTEM incolumem odimus*

*Sublatim ex oculis quærimus invidi.*

Hor.

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# THE PREFACE.

**T**HE Duty of an Editor is to give a faithful account of the Work he gives to the Publick; and tho' it lies in the Breast of every Reader to condemn or approve at his own Pleasure, yet he should hold himself inexcusable, if he did not say something in the Defence of this Undertaking. The Man who is offended without Reason, is the likeliest to grow into Temper again without it too, and therefore to the angry Person, whose Passions and Prejudices work highest he has nothing to say, well knowing that he expects no Conviction, but what proceeds from his dear self.

To the Impartial, or those of a more serious turn of Temper, he has something to offer, which he hopes they will take well, since the following Entertainment aims only at their own Satisfaction, by attempting to recommend to them the Virtues of Her late Pious Majesty.

But to the Work: It is well known that it was formerly a Custom, and not long discontinued, for our two celebrated Universities on occasions of Publick Joy or Mourning, to publish English Verses as well as Latin; and the Curious may see in those Collections some as fine Pieces as any that have appeared in Print after another Manner. Instances there are abundance of this kind, to justify my Assertion, when the Sprats and Bathursts in one University, or of later Years the Montagues and the Stepneys in the

other wrote so, as hardly ever to have exceeded themselves afterwards. But of late Years the Fashion is altered, and those Learned Bodies speak only in Greek and Latin, so that nine parts in ten who have a taste of Poetry are excluded the Benefit of becoming Readers. Not to mention that there are a great many who have no regard to the Muses upon ordinary occasions, who are very willing to hear what is said of Princes and of Kings. To make some amends for the deficiency of the Learned, and satisfy the Curiosity of the Unlearned, this Collection was begun; and I was so happy at my first setting out, to fall on a Poem of the late Laureat on this Occasion, the last and best that ever he wrote. This encouraged me in the Work, and I soon found that my Hands were full of Materials, and only required some time in the Choice and Disposition of the Collection. The late Queen had so endeared Her Self to all Her Subjects, that I found she had made some Poets who were never intended for it by Nature. These I reckoned among the Class of well-meaning Men of short Powers, and so chose rather to speak well of their Design, than expose their Performances.

This is a true account of the Rise and Progress of this Work, which by the antedating demands of the Publick, I conjectured would be acceptable, and so by a careful choice took care to make the Price easie to the Purchaser. The badness of the Season, and the multiplicity of other Matters in the Press, hindered my being punctual in the Performance of my Promise: But, I hope, a good Deed can never be too late; and for my own part, I have only this to say to the Reader, That if there is any Thing here that can endear the Memory of that excellent Princess to Her People, or perpetuate Her Vertues, the Design and Pains are answered of her greaneſt Admirer.

Charles Oldisworth.

Jan. the 13th, 1712.

Mr.



Mr. MARSHALL'S

# CHARACTER

OF

## Her late MAJESTY.

**B**Y the *Pattern* and *Portraiture* of our late excellent *PRINCESS* ; we may frame a perfect Idea of what *RULERS* should be , by only remembering, what *SHE* was.

IF a sense of Subjection to a Superour Power : If an Apprehension, *That God standeth in the Congregation of Princes, and is a Judge among Gods* : ( If this I say, ) be a prime Ingredient in the Royal Character ; *This*, was wrought up in the Mind of our departed Sovereign, to its highest pitch of Influence and Efficacy. The Hours She dedicated to the more immediate Service of Her Heavenly Master, Her Publick and Private Devotions witness'd it.

THE Splendor and Grandeur of a Court could not deface those Impressions of an early Piety, which She carried along with Her, through various Changes of Fortune, which never forsook Her till She resign'd Her Life.

HOW true She was to the Church, which bred and baptized Her, was sufficiently attested by manifold Tryals, which few of Her Rank and Station have been ever put to.

WHAT She was in Her Private and Domestick Character ; how Good and Gracious to those about Her ; how Courteous and Affable to all ; how little querulous or impatient under the Infirmities of a broken Constitution ; they will ever ( it is hop'd ) remember with Gratitude and Affection who had the Honour of attending Her Royal Person,

son, and thence of observing Majesty unveil'd, and descending to the Familiarities of common Life.

IN Her Conjugal State ( whilst that Blessing was continu'd to Her ) how rare and singular was the Pattern she set, of the Virtues which adorn, and which only can make it happy ! The Day which sever'd the *PRINCE* from the *QUEEN*, slacken'd ( we may reckon ) the Bands of Union between Her Soul and Body ; which after the shock of that first Convulsion, did never well accord with each other. In *him* she lost a *Friend*, who divided with Her the secret Burdens and Mournings of Her Spirit ; and a *Friend* is a *Jewel* not often found amongst *Crowns* and *Scepters*, and the Blaze of Courts.

IF we ascend yet higher, from her *Private* to her more *Publick* Character ; such a Scene of Wonders will thence be opened to our Memories, ( the Wisdom of Her Councils, the Success of Her Arms, and the Conduct of Her Treaties, ) as will deserve an Historian, equal to one of Her Noble Ancestors ; \* and yet will hardly find Credit from *Posterity*, even when so related. But let us rather consider Her, cloath'd, as She always was, with the *Robes of Righteousness*, with the Ornaments and Graces of the Gospel.

A *Sense of Religion*, and a tender *Regard to the People's Welfare*, finish the Character of a Prince, after *God's own Heart*.

NOW what Her *Sense of Religion* was, each Day of her Life gave some signal Proof ; and none more *Signal* nor more *Exemplary*, than those which preceded her Solemn Change ! Here Her Patience and Resignation, Her Affiance in God as Her Saviour, and Her Reverential Fear of Him as Her Judge, had all their proper Tests ; and came off from each, with Honour and with Victory.

WHAT a tender *Regard* She had to Her *People's Welfare*, What earnest Longing to make them easy and happy, Her whole Reign is one continued Testimony : And I wish there were not too much Reason to suspect, That She Seal'd, at last, that Testimony with Her Death ; that She died, I mean, the sooner, for Her Care, to make us a contented and easy People.

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\* The Earl of Clarendon.

IT is reported as a Maxim in our Laws, That *the Prince can do no wrong* ; but with *Her* it was a Maxim, that *She would do none* : So that as our *Laws* do not charge the Prince with *Grievances*, common *Equity* will discharge *Her* from them, whose *Will* was ever averse from them.

TO be misguided sometimes, and mispersuaded is a Frailty, which the most consummate *Wisdom* is not always exempt from ; and which the most condescensive *Natures* often lie most open to : So that *Errors of this Kind* are no otherwise to be accounted, than as the *Shades of a finished Character* ; or as the *Foils of Great and Illustrious Virtues*.

TO stick upon *these*, and to neglect a thousand *Excellencies*, is a Barbarity, which no *Subjects*, but *English* ones, dare offer to the Memory of their *Sovereign* ; and none but the *worst of English* ones, would offer to the *Alms of such a Sovereign*.

ALL Orders and Degrees of Men among us, have tasted *Her Indulgence* ; and (which perhaps will better commend the *clemency of Her Disposition*, than the *Wisdom of Her Government* ) even all *Parties and Factions* have had a share in it.

THESE, indeed, were the standing Embarrassments and Misfortunes of *Her Reign* ; what made *Her crown*, and *Her very Life*, at last a Burden. *She could have no rest in Her Spirit*, because *others would have none in theirs*. So tenderly did she sympathize with *Her People's Infirmities*, that *their Jealousies and Fears*, were *Her Agonies and Torments*.

BUT though *all her People*, and *all their Concernments* lay near her Heart ; yet none had the Honour of a nearer Approach to it, than *they*, whose Province it is to wait at the Altar, and to Minister in *Holy Things* : Nor on any therefore, more strictly, than on *these*, doth *Gratitude* fasten its Bonds and Obligations.

A S Religion was her principal Care, and *She (a) had*

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(a) Psal. xvi. 8.

set the Lord always before Her : so the (b) Houses of God and the Offices thereof were regarded by her, with a Munificence proportioned to her Sense of their Wants, and to the Importance of supplying them. God we trust, hath remembered, and will yet remember Her concerning this ; nor will any Time wipe out the Memory of the good Deeds which She hath done.

She hath now a Rest from all her Labours ; the Insolencies of Faction do not torture Her ; the Madness of the People doth not affect Her ; Her Works follow Her, and She feels, we doubt not, the blessed Difference between the Scepter of an Earthly, and an Heavenly Kingdom ; between a Crown surcharged with Cares and Fears, beset with Design and Interest, and endless Contests, and a Crown, which hath All, and infinitely more than All, the Splendor and Felicity of the former, without the dark side of its Incumbrances and Torments. The oppressive weight of the One, hath hastened, in all likelihood, Her Approaches to the other. Here, and here only, Her People's Interests, and Hers, were separated ; since here She is a Gainer by their Loss : The single Instance wherein She was ever so ! And nothing but Death could have produced even this Example !

Let Her live long in the Hearts of Her People ; and let Her Name be celebrated with Honour, even by our latest Posterity ; Let Her Memory be ever precious with us, as Her Death is in the sight of God ; and let no virulent Tongue asperse or darken it, without our deepest Resentments, as of a common Injury.

AND as She ever had while Living, the Hearts of Her People, so would it be ungenerous in them, were they at Her Death to drop Her Memory without its proper Honours.

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(b) Nehemiah xii. 14. Witness to this Purpose, Her Noble Gift of the First Fruits or Tithes to the poorer Clergy ; and Her Royal Care for enlarging the Opportunities of Publick Worship, by building Fifty new Churches ; and for the more Regular Celebration of it, by Converting Chapels where they should be judged fit, into Parochial Churches.

THE

# Loyal Mourner :

Being a COLLECTION of

# POEMS

*On the Death of our Late Most Gracious  
Sovereign Queen ANNE.*

The Muse's Memoiral of Her Late  
MAJESTY.

*Address'd to his GRACE the Duke of  
Buckinghamshire.*

**H**ER self half dead, to find her QUEEN expird,  
The *Loyal Muse* to distant Shades retir'd ;  
But not as heretofore, to seek Relief,  
From Solitude, but to indulge her Grief,  
A *Cypress-Grove* around the Valley grew,  
And that environ'd with the fatal *Tew* ;



The Center awful with a gloomy Cave,  
 Delightful here, because so like the Grave :  
 For none but those who'd fain lay down the Load  
 Of wretched Life, will visit this Abode ;  
 Where Misery may rave without Restraint,  
 And ne'er disturb the Happy with their Plaint ;  
 Who with as eager Speed this Desert shun,  
 As hither those ( oppress'd with Sorrow ) run.

There stood the dismal Bow'r, where Nature pin'd,  
 And Grief and Night in cold Embraces join'd ;  
 Here *Sorrow's Empreß*, all in Sable State,  
 Gives Audience to the Messengers of Fate.

*Hymen* there languishes, sad and forlorn,  
 His Taper quench'd, his Nuptial Garland torn ;  
 With broken Bows, the mourning *Cupids* lay  
 Amongst hov'ring Sighs of Lovers, snatch'd away  
 By greedy Fate, before the Nuptial Day.

Next Mansion, Moans of Parents, did contain ;  
 For hopeful Heirs in Field Untimely slain.

Old *Time*, oblig'd, by strictest Charge, to make  
 His Reck'nings up, without the least Mistake,  
 Observing here, his pensive Minutes pass  
 With slow Advance, was forc'd to shake his Glass,  
 In Mis'ry's Cell, admiring at their Stay,  
 Who from Mirth's Mansion, wing so fast away.



Uncouth and strange, the Scenes presented here,  
But this the most surprising did appear ;  
The little Grievs, like froward Babes, complain'd,  
The Mighty, mute as *Niobe*, remain'd,  
A trickling, silent Show'r of Tears was all,  
But oh ! A Show'r that never ceas'd to fall.

Hither the *Muse* arrives, with frightful Air  
Of Grief to Phrenzy grown, dishevel'd Hair,  
And all the Symptoms of a wild Dispair.  
Yet in Distraction still her Duty knew,  
And to the Goddess paid Obeysance due ;  
At length, as Zeal wou'd more than Nature can,  
With halt-recover'd Breath, she thus began :

Empress of Shades, and sacred Solitude,  
That on your close Retirement I intrude,  
Forgive ; for tho' I come no Stranger here,  
With deep Concern and Dread, I now appear,  
Upon a Visit, that will cost you dear :  
Force you with fiercer Fury to deplore,  
And suffer Pangs you never felt before :  
Thus speake the *Muse*, nor more had Strength to say,  
But swoln with Passion, sunk and swoon'd away .

The QUEEN aside her *Ebon* Scepter laid,  
To raise the Prostrate from the Ground ; and said,  
I guess the tort'ring Tidings —— but proceed,  
For Sorrow's us'd on dismal Tales to feed,

Ill News is my Repast — 'Tis woeful Fare.  
(The *Muse* replies) and I have had my Share.

As from my Cottage I withdrew, to take  
My Ev'ning Walk, beside the Crystal Lake \*, \* *The Thames*.  
A hasty Nymph and Shepherd cross'd my Way,  
Who scarce allow'd a Moment's Stop, to say,  
Ah wretched *Muse* ! Ah, Daughter of Distress !  
For why ?—that why, your self too soon will guess.  
Your QUEEN,—*That's all*,—and then their speed renew'd,  
As if at Heels, by murd'ring Thieves persud,  
Or suddain rous'd from their Repose, and told,  
The Wolf, the Wolf is leap'd into the Fold.

On Wings of Love and Fear to Court I flew,  
Of my Dear QUEEN to take a distant View,  
(Then silent to my Rural Cell repair,  
As was my wont) But what a Change was there !  
I saw Distraction through the Palace spread,  
The Graces weeping round the Royal Bed,  
And all the dazling Train of Beauty \* fled ;  
Nor seem'd it strange to find those Stars retir'd,  
When their Celestial *Cynthia* was expir'd.

At length a Sacred and Imperial Dame,  
Into the dark and silent Presence came ;  
*Eusebia* and *Britannia*, one Renown'd  
For Sanctity, the next with Grandeur crown'd :

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\* *Ladies of the Court.*

Each with Her Honour's Ensign waving high;  
The Signals of Her Pow'r, or Piety.

The Venerable Matron first appears,  
Adorn'd with Age, and beautify'd by Years,  
A Privilege conferr'd by Heaven on Her,  
Who to crown'd Pomp, Heav'n's Service did prefer,  
Between Extrems She Steers Her Passage ; free  
From Superstition, and Indecency ;  
No Gaudy Garbs that Pagan Pomp express,  
Yet gives Devotion, a becoming Dress,  
Preserv'd through Storms, by providential Care,  
Religion's woeful Ruins to repair,  
And still She sees Her Ark securely ride,  
Tho' dash'd with furious Waves on either side ;  
Sublim'd by Suff'rings, under Suff'ring still,  
Calm, and resign'd to the Celestial Will :  
Ev'n now, altho' with pining Sorrow faint  
To Ground She falls, She falls without Complaint,  
Her Coronet of Stars to Earth cast down,  
And on Her tender Front, a Thorny Crown :  
Yet this fair Mourner, while so much distress'd ;  
Of Heav'n the darling Daughter was confess'd,  
While on Her Person in such low Estate,  
A Guard of Seraphs not disdain'd to wait.

August *Britannia* in that dismal Hour,  
Half-blushing saw Her generous Lion Low'r ;

He now lies growling, whose once awful Roar  
 Struck Terror to the Worlds remotest Shore :  
 Forlorn on Earth, Her Empire's *Emblems* lay ;  
 Her *Scepter* dropt, as weary of its Sway,  
 Her *Golden Globe*, roll'd carelessly away ;  
 Yet still an Air of Grandeur did confess,  
 Aweful in Tears, Majestick in Distress :  
 Both Sick with Grief, while silent both remain'd  
 And their big Hearts with secret Sighs restrain'd.

Not Censure's self ( says Sorrow's QUEEN ) cou'd blame  
 Their Conduct, if their Grief to outrage came ;  
 Just Reason had those Matrons to deplore,  
 Royal *Britannia* much, Divine *Eusebia* more.  
 Then thus the Muse. —————

As Streams, whilst by surrounding Banks with-held,  
 Are hush'd, and in a silent Eddy swell'd,  
 Those Banks once broke that did their Course controul,  
 With more impetuous, rapid Fury rowl,  
 So these fair Mourners overwhelm'd with Grief,  
 Burst out into Complaints, poor Sufferers last Relief.

But e're their sad Condolements I relate,  
 First let me draw those diff'rent Scenes of Fate,  
 In *Britain's* Court, the various Aspects seen,  
 When She possess'd, and when She lost her QUEEN :  
 If then your Rural Muse you will permit  
 Her Field and Grove and safer Shore to quit

Unskill'd, and in a slender Skiff to make  
A desp'rate Venture on the Briny-Lake,  
Then gentle Goddess, this Sea-Prospect take,  
You'll some Resemblance find, tho faint and short,  
Between *Great Britain's* Ocean and her Court.

As when a *First-Rate* in her *Naval* Pride,  
Of Flags and Pendants on a Swelling-Tide,  
With such a gentle Breeze, as *Thetis* craves  
To deck her Azure-Front with Curling-Waves,  
And laughs to see her *Nereids* toil in vain  
To catch the Streamers pictur'd in the Main,  
Whilst twinkling Shoals aloof the Pomp pursue,  
And leaping *Dolphins* catch a distant View ;  
The Skies Serene and Clear, the Weather warm,  
Not the least Symptom of a rising Storm ;  
The Company on Board, all Blish and Gay,  
With Tales and Songs beguile the Watry-way ;  
The smiling Aspect of Earth, Sea, and Air,  
All for a lasting Calm, and settled Fair.  
Such was th' Appearance then of *ANNA's* Court,  
A Glorious Scene, but of Endurance short.

For lo ! a sudden change of Weather falls,  
And dismal Gloom, that for a Tempest calls ;  
Now, full of Rage, for long Restraint before,  
Out-rush the cavern'd Winds, with hideous Roar,  
And tumble Mountain-Billows to the Shore.

One Gust blows off, and fiercer Gusts begin,  
 Both Elements alarm'd with dreadful Din ;  
 Thund'ring aloft of Clouds engaging Clouds,  
 Here groaning Masts, torn Sails and rading Shrowds ;  
 Flashes of Lightning give, and snatch the Day,  
 And rouz'd Sea-Monsters, in the Tempest play,  
 With glaring Eyes, and Nostrils that respire  
 Sulphureous Flames, and set the Flood on Fire ;  
 All Prodigies that Terror can create,  
 All Omens of inevitable Fate :  
 The Vessel labours, yet the Sailors strive,  
 To stem the Surge, while *Strength* and *Hope* survive,  
 'Till spent, and forc'd to let her Hull, and drive.  
 Then feeling She has struch, with dismal shock,  
 Of all her stately Frame, on some blind Rock ;  
 That makes both Keel, and Ribs, and Rudder crack,  
 Till Found'ring quite, and Bulging to a Wreck ;  
 The whole Ship's Crew, a while with dire Amaze,  
 And speechless Horror on each other gaze,  
 But when Leaks below, her Loftier Brinks  
 Submit, t' o'er-whelming Waters, and she sinks,  
 Then Shrieks, and Yells, and complicated Cries,  
 That stun the blust'ring Storm, and scare the thundring Skies.  
 Of ANNA's Court, such was th' Appearance then ;  
 —When Goddesses,—Ah ! too much I've said :  
 That Sigh of yours shews me, I need not tell you when.



Ah me, I've launch'd too far, and from the Strand,  
A waving Signal Summons me to Land,  
And to the doleful Palace, where bereft  
Of Language, we those Mournful Ladies left,  
Whose Sorrows now (impatient of Restraint)  
Burst out into a Torrent of Complaint;  
And first *Eusebia*, as the most distressed,  
Discharg'd the Conflict of her lab'ring Breast;  
In Sounds which wou'd, (by Savage *Tygers* felt)  
Make Stubborn Oaks relent, and Marble Mountains melt.

Oh dismal Change, too sudden, and too vast,  
Ye Waves of Woe, you press on me too fast,  
Since yet my Grief is green for such a loss,  
As my whole Stock of Tears might well engross,  
Whilst Thunder-struck, and growling on the Ground,  
You give a second and severer Wound!  
My *Sphere* invaded by another Night,  
That had so lately lost her leading Light;  
My *Sun* extinguish'd, who with Rays Divine,  
Blaz'd out, and taught my younger *Stars* to shine,  
My pow'rful *Pan* \*, my ruling *Pastor* Dead! \* Prince George,  
Whose pious Care my Flocks and Shepherds fed;  
Endu'd with Skill to work my Fold's Increase,  
And Charm contending *Pastors* into Peace;  
Whose Life and Aspect did just Patterns give,  
What Figures Angels make, and how ther Live,

Divinely

10      **POEMS** *on the Death of*

Divinely humble in Preferment's Height,  
Nor then disdain'd on needy Worth to wait,  
For Oh ; his Charity no Limits knew,  
But like Heav'n's *Manna* in the gathering grew.

His Visits like an Angels, brought Relief,  
To the severest Agonies of Grief,  
Th' Appearance of his Person cast an Air  
Of Comfort, o'er the Confines of Despair ;  
Cou'd threatning Terror of his Rage beguile,  
Raise fainting Hope, and make Affliction smile.

Great *ANNA*'s Self with Storms of State oppress'd,  
To his calm Conversation flew for Rest ;  
'Twas there her *Dove-like* Soul, Repose cou'd find,  
When all without that *Ark* was wrangling Waves and Wind.

Where's now this Comforter ? No longer seen ?  
On Earth no longer. — No ? Then where's my *QUEEN* ?  
To native Skies return'd.—Too large a Share  
Those Skies exact.—'Tis more than Earth can spare :  
Thus when encroaching Seas new Conquests make,  
So much of Land, as they transform to Lake,  
So much they loose on Shore, that they forsake.

Both Mortals and Immortals, Earth and Skies,  
Are Suff'rers all, when Sov'reign Virtue dies :  
Who to my Temple now shall lead the Way,  
And there instruct Devotion how to pray ?

Well have our Gen'als led, and Souldiers fought;  
But ANNA's Orisons the Conquest brought;  
Her fervent Vows our Troops with Courage steel'd,  
She pray'd, and in her Clofet, won the Field;  
From thence the waiting Seraphs wing'd away,  
To fix the wav'ring Fight and gain the Day.  
Where now shall Meekness for Protection fly?  
To whom shall shiv'ring Charity apply?  
To whom shall now her Infant-Orphans cry?  
See where around her Tomb, they take their Stands,  
And wail, and sob, and wring their little Hands.

O Heav'n-born Piety, what tender Breast,  
Like Hers, shall make Thee now its early Guest?  
Religion, that Her Life did so adorn,  
Of Her took special Charge, as soon as born:  
The Virtues then a Royal *Vigil* kept,  
And Graces rock'd the Cradle where she slept,  
With Her to Court they came, with Her retir'd,  
With Her were crown'd, with Her almost expir'd.

Expir'd!—Not so, nor shall whilst here remain  
Of her fair Favourites so Bright a Train,  
Whom ANNA worthy of her Friendship deem'd,  
As they the *Saint*, as much as QUEEN esteem'd;  
The strongest Springs that can Affection move,  
Resembling Virtues drew their mutual Love:

This

This baffled Death in what his Spite design'd,  
 Who, tho he seiz'd her Person, left behind, }  
 Such Copies of her most Angelick Mind :  
 Which makes my Loss ( tho' vast ) this Comfort give,  
 While They survive, my *Royal Saint* shall live.

Thus urg'd the sacred Matron her Complaint,  
 With temper'd Passion, as became a Saint :  
*Britannia* Hers, with more tempestuous Flame,  
 And such as best, her Sov'reign self became, }  
 That ( with the Mourner ) shou'd th' Imperial Dame,

What ! I, that once did Foreign Nations awe,  
 Gave both encroaching States, and Tyrants Law,  
 Reduc'd to see so vast a Gulph between  
 My present Self and what I once have been !  
 Have been ! Why that's th' Extremity of Woe,  
 To have been happy if no longer so.

Ev'n *Eve*, in *Eden*, I did represent,  
 When Earth and Skies contriv'd for her Content ;  
 Her Bow'r besprinkled with Celestial Dew,  
 No scorching Blight, nor ruff'ling Tempest knew, }  
 Only *Etesian* Gales and balmy *Zephyrs* blew :  
 Her savage Subjects, then a harmless Throng, }  
 Kneel'd to salute Her, as she past along,  
 And feather'd Choirs caress'd Her with a Song.

The Vine, the Pine, Pomgranate, and the Peach,  
With burden'd Branches bending to her Reach.  
Before her Steps, a Show'r of *Jassmine* shed,  
And Souls of *Roses* hov'ring o'er her Head.  
She cropt her Garden, else the fertile Soil,  
With crowding Flow'rs had crush'd the fragrant Spoil,  
She labour'd, but delightful was the Toil,  
Serenely then return'd to her Repose,  
She slept serenely, and serenely rose ;  
No Dreams, or Dreams that did her Bliss improve,  
And wrapt her to the Paradise above,  
Which far those Aromaticks Bow'rs excell'd ;  
But now, like *Eve*, from Paradise expell'd,  
My *Eden* find into a barren Soil  
Transform'd ; a sad return for all my Toil :  
While Storms of Strife, my waking Hours molest,  
And discontented Dreams, my Midnight Rest :  
For a brave Race of *Britons*, once renown'd  
For Arms Abroad, at Home with Plenty crown'd,  
A meager Crowd of *British* Ghosts I see ;  
A pillag'd Realm, and pawn'd Posterity :  
The silver Current, that shou'd freely flow,  
Bankt up, and starv'd the Channel all bellow.  
Answer me, conscious Stars ! and let me know  
To what, and whom, my Grievances I owe ?



Yes, I do know—and shall, what next she said,  
 Of dire Corruptions thro' the Nation spread,  
 Strange Frauds sprung up, and Publick Spirit fled,  
 Of purchas'd Senates, and a People sold,  
 Self-sold, Law, Freedom, barter'd all for Gold:  
 How two grand Vices, tho' of diff'rent Kind,  
 And Opposites to Ruin her, combin'd,  
 While those wide Wastes, lewd Luxury had made,  
 Were by rapacious Avarice repaid;  
 (Not so, my Gen'rous QUEEN,——  
 Who like the *Felican*, in Times of Need,  
 For craving Broods, made her own Bosom bleed.)  
 How jangling Parties made her Realm sustain  
 All Plagues, that Rage where Strife and Discord reign:  
 And then prodigious Secrets did impart,  
 Yes, *Prodigies*, that made the *Sun* to start;  
 But ill-beseems a *Muse* of Rural Cell,  
 Intrigues of State to know, and worse to tell;  
 And therefore from the Palace I withdrew,  
 Here (grieving Goddess) to condole with you.  
 But Sorrow's Empress, with Resentment fir'd,  
 Cry'd out—my Province 'tis to mourn,—retir'd,  
 More publick Tribute's from a *Muse* requir'd.

The *Mourning Muse*, her dewy Aspect rears,  
 Like Sun-shine glitt'ring through a Show'r of Tears,



And thus, with modest Grace—too well I know—

What to my *Royal Patroness* I owe,

And gloriously I should the Charge fulfill,

Were but my Strength, proportion'd to my Will :

But whilst I gaze on Excellence so bright,

My Sense is dazled, and I'm lost in Light ;

Yet still my Weakness can for Succour fly,

And to th' *APOLLO* \* of our Age apply.

Oh for the noble Muse that sweetly mourn'd,

And Death's dark Temple †, to Fame's Palace turn'd ;

In Sorrow's Vale, a Cypress-Grove could raise,

That triumph'd o'er the Myrtle and the Bays ;

A wondrous Scene of Dolor and of Dread,

Heart-piercing Story, yet with Pleasure read,

In Pity to the suffering Lover's Pain,

With Sighs we read, and Sighing read again :

But Grief can Charm, and Terror give Delight,

When Britain's *POLLIO* condescends to write :

Whose God-like Genius, from their ruin'd State,

Rescu'd the *Muses*, and revers'd their Fate :

Then to secure their Empire did impart

The perfect Precepts of the *Sacred Art* ¶ :

\* His Grace the Duke of Buckinghamshire.

† A Poem of his Lordship's call'd, The Temple of Death.

¶ His Lordship's Essay on Poetry.

That Poets, who to just Applause aspire,  
 May Rage by *Rule*, and Blaze with *govern'd Fire*.  
 Nor only did consult for Poet's Praise,  
 But Trophies for expir'd Desert to raise;  
 The Charm that from Oblivion's Gulf can save,  
 Tomb worth, and make Reprizals on the Grave;  
 Make Virtue, Truth, and Honour, from their Hearse  
 Spring up and Flourish in Immortal Verse.

If such a *Muse* the Glorious Toil embrac'd,  
 And with Her Images, the Subject grac'd,  
 Our *Royal Saint* wou'd look with Pleasure down,  
 And with a Smile, the beauteous Labour crown;  
 While I, to solemn Shades, depriv'd of Day,  
 Retire, and Mourne the short Remains of Life away.

A

# P O E M

On the DEATH of our Late most  
*Gracious Sovereign Queen ANNE.*

By Bishop *SMALRIDGE.*

W HEN her *Britannia* wept *ELIZA'S* Doom,  
 And mourn'd with equal Tears *MARIA'S* Tomb  
 As each deserv'd, each equal *Muses* drew,  
 Nor to their Heaven without a Poet flew;

But now, what bolder Wing her Fame shall try?  
 Who follow ANNA thro' the boundless Sky  
 Who shall describe in an exalted Strain,  
 The Wars and Triumphs of a Female Reign?  
 Who Nations in eternal Leagues rehearse,  
 And PEACE well worthy an eternal Verse?

Thou, \* *Sacred Dome*, whom Rôyal Founders claim,  
 Wonted of old to grace the Rôyal Name,  
 And with a † hundred tuneful Tongues return  
 Thy grateful Sorrow to each PRINCE's Urn,  
 Do thou, with proper Notes, the Youth inspire;  
 Breath VIRGIL's Trumpet, touch th' HORATIAN Lyre:  
 So may thy Walls to ancient Splendor rise,  
 And thy *Athenian* Turrets mate the Skies!

And Thou, whose Lib'ral Hand my Fortunes rais'd,  
 O QUEEN! for ever Lov'd, for ever Prais'd;  
 Receive the Tribute which my Numbers bring,  
 While the Mûse strikes the *Elegiac* String:  
 While Life was Thine, how much to Thee I owe,  
 How plenteous did thy Stream of Blessings flow?  
 O! how I grieve, for all Thy Bounty gave,  
 To bring this Mournful Off'ring to Thy Grave.  
 No Time shall ever from my Mind deface  
 Thy Looks, Thy Glories, and Diviner Grace.

But most Thy *Ancient Truth*, Thy *Pious Soul*,  
 With constant Glowings in my Bosom roll,  
 The dear Remembrance ever is impress,  
 What Love of *True Religion* warm'd Thy Breast  
 Pleas'd I revolve, as often as I brought \*  
 The *Suppliant's Prayer*, and for the *Wretched* fought,  
 How *kind* you heard, how *plenteous* pour'd your store,  
 And tho I ask'd for *much*, you granted *more*.  
 Thus at your sight *Affliction* grew more mild,  
 And *Fortune* lost her *Anger* as You smil'd.

O had but *envious Death* made some *Delay*,  
 And not so *hasty* snatch'd the *Royal Prey*;  
 Then, (may Her *Promises* † to me be shown:)  
 Thy *Muses, Oxford*, had Her *Blessings* known.  
 What *Domes*, O *sacred Mother*, hadst thou seen,  
 The *pious Gift* of a *Religious QUEEN*!  
 How had another *Area* rais'd its *Head*,  
 And *scornful* o'er its *ancient Ruins* spread!  
 What *Walls* had rose! what *lofty Turrets* crown'd,  
 Themes for thy *Sons* in *future Days* to sound.  
 But now, when here the *Trav'ler* turns his *Eyes*,  
 And ah! the *great unfinish'd Labour* spies;  
 A *double Pity* rises from his *View*,  
 He *mourns* the *Public Loss*, and *Oxford's* too.

\* Being Lord Almoner to Her Majesty.

† Her Majesty promis'd a large Contribution towards Rebuilding  
 the new Quadrangle at Christ-Church. ON

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ON THE  
Late QUEEN's Death.

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By EDWARD YOUNG, L.L.B. and Fellow of All-Souls Colledge, Oxon.

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**I** Sing—but ah! my Theme I need not tell!  
See every Eye with conscious Sorrow swell.  
Who now to Verse would raise his humble Voice:  
Can only shew his Duty, not his Choice.  
How great the weight of Grief our Hearts sustain!  
We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view  
That most Illustrious Scene, for ever New?)  
See all the Seasons shine on ANNA's Throne,  
And pay a constant Tribute, not their own.  
Her Summers Heats not Fruits alone bestow,  
They reap the Harvest, and subdue the Foe;  
And when black Storms confess the distant Sun,  
Her Winters wear the Wreaths, her Summers won.  
Revolving Pleasures in their Turns appear,  
And Triumphs are the Product of the Year.  
To crown the Whole, great Joys in greater cease,  
And glorious Victory is lost in Peace.



Whence this Profusion on our favour'd Isle?

Did partial Fortune on our Virtue smile,

Or did the Scepter, in Great *ANNA*'s Hand,

Stretch forth this rich Indulgence o'er our Land?

Ungateful *Britain*! Quit thy groundless Claim,

Thy *QUEEN* and thy Good-Fortune are the same.

Hear, with Alarms our Trumpets fill the Sky;

'Tis *ANNA* reigns! The *Gallie* Squadrons fly.

We spread our Canvass to the Southern Shore;

'Tis *ANNA* reigns! The South resigns her Store.

Her Virtue smooths the Tumult of the Main,

And swells the Field with Mountains of the Slain.

*Argyle* and *Church* but the Glory share,

While Millions lye subdu'd by *ANNA*'s Pray'r.

How great her Zeal! How fervent her Desire!

How did her Soul in holy Warmth expire!

Constant Devotion did her Time divide,

Not set Returns of Pleasure or of Pride.

Not want of Rest; or the Sun's parting Ray,

But finish'd Duty, limited the Day.

How sweet succeeding Sleep! what lovely Themes

Smil'd in her Thoughts, and soften'd all her Dreams!

Her Royal *louis* descending Angels spread,

And join'd their Wings, a shelter o'er her Head.



Tho' Europe's Wealth and Glory claim'd a Part,  
Religion's Cause reign'd Mistress of her Heart:  
She saw, and griev'd to see the mean Estate  
Of those who round the hollow'd Altar wait;  
She shed her Bounty, piously profuse,  
And thought it more her own in Sacred Use.

Thus on his Furrow, See! the Tiller stand,  
And fill with genial Seed his lavish Hand;  
He trusts the Kindness of the fruitful Plain,  
And providently scatters all his Grain.

What strikes my Sight? does proud *Augusta* rise  
New to behold, and awfully surprize?  
Her lofty Brow more numerous Turrets crown,  
And sacred Domes, on Palaces look down:  
A noble Pride of Piety is shown,  
And Temples cast a Lustre on the Throne.  
How would this Work another's Glory raise?  
But ANNA's Greatness robs her of the Praise.  
Drown'd in a brighter Blaze it disappears.  
Who dry'd the Widows, and the Orphans Tears?  
Who stoop'd from high to succour the Distress,  
And reconcile the wounded Heart to Rest?  
Great in her Goodness, well could we perceive,  
Whoever sought, it was a QUEEN that gave.  
Misfortune lost her Name, her guileless Frown  
But made another Debtor to the Crown;

And

And each unfriendly Stroke, from Fate we bore,  
Became our Tide to the Regal Store.

Thus injur'd Trees adopt a foreign Shoot,  
And their Wounds blossom with a fairer Fruit.

Ye Numbers, who on your Misfortunes thriv'd,  
When first the dreadful Blast of Fame arriv'd,  
Say what a Shock, what Agonies you felt,  
How did your Souls with tender Anguish melt?  
That Grief, which Living ANNA's Love suppress'd,  
Shook like a Tempest every grateful Breast.  
A second Fate our sinking Fortunes try'd!  
A second Time our tender Parents dy'd!

Heroes returning from the Field we crown,  
And Deify the haughty Victor's Frown.  
His splendid Wealth too rashly we admire,  
Catch the Disease, and burn with equal Fire:  
Wisely to spend is the great Art of Gain;  
And One reliev'd, transcends a Million slain.  
When Time shall ask, where once *Ramillia* lay,  
Or *Danube* flow'd that swept whole Troops away;  
One Drop of Water, that refresh'd the Dry,  
Shall rise a Fountain of Eternal Joy.

But ah! to that unknown and distant Due,  
Is Virtue's Reward push'd off by Fate;

Here random Shafts in every Breast are found,  
Virtue and Merit but provoke the Wound.

August in native Worth, and regal State,  
ANNA late Arbitress of Europe's Fate;  
To distant Realms did every Accent fly,  
And Nations watch'd each Motion of her Eye.  
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,  
How small a Spot contains the mighty QUEEN?  
No Throng of suppliant Princes mark the Place;  
Where Britain's Greatness is compos'd in Peace:  
The broken Earth is scarce discern'd to rise,  
And a Stone tells us where the Monarch lies.

Thus end maturest Honours of a Crown!  
This is the last Conclusion of Renown!

So when with idle skill the wanton Boy  
Breaths through his Tube; he sees, with eager Joy,  
The trembling Bubble; in its rising small;  
And by degrees expands the glittering Ball:  
But when, to full Perfection blown, it flies  
High in the Air; and shines in various Dyes,  
The little Monarch, with a falling Tear,  
Sees his World burst at once, and disappear.

TO THE  
MEMORY

Of Her Sacred Majesty  
*Queen ANNE.*

**A**S when the Sun neglects the Northern Sphere,  
And genial Warmth reforms the rigid Year,  
*V E N U S* descends in soft and wholesome Show'rs,  
To deck the wanton Meads, and paint the Flow'rs,  
The Virgin *Lily*, and the modest *Rose*,  
Their fragrant Breasts with harmless Pride disclose,  
Whilst the gay Spring with innocent Delight  
Admires, Adores, and lives upon the sight.  
If *Boreas* then should draw his Armies forth,  
Or loose the Tempests of the stormy North.  
Then sure Destruction all the Spring invades;  
The *Rose* is blighted, and the *Lily* fades,  
Th' untimely Fruit lies smother'd in the Womb,  
And Nature sickens in its brightest Bloom.

Thus *Britain* flourish'd blest with great Increase,  
Her Happiness continual, as her Peace,  
Commerce reviv'd, and Faction was restrain'd,  
And *ANNE* the Good, the Great, th' Indulgent, reign'd.

Distinguish

Distinguish'd with Majority of Cares,  
 She over-rul'd th' obedient World's Affairs.  
 Of Fortune's Throne possess'd sublime she stood,  
 The Awe of lawless Pow'rs, the Joy of Good.  
 Tho' envious Nature did its Flight oppose,  
 Thro' *Lybia's* fiery Heats, and *Scythian* Snows,  
 Her Fame untainted with a Blemish mov'd  
 Remote'st Regions Heard, Ador'd, and Lov'd.  
 Secur'd from *Spanish* Mines, and *French* Dragoons,  
*Rome's* fearful Bulls, and *Italy's* Buffoons.  
 Secur'd in Peace, in Peace again restor'd,  
 By *ANNA's* Piety, and *ANNA's* Sword,  
 We dwelt upon the happy, happy Name  
 Whence the whole Fountain of our Comforts came.  
 When Heaven with mighty Pow'r recall'd its own,  
 Recall'd great *ANNA*, to an Heav'nly Throne :  
 Then all our Joys and pleasing Views were crost.  
 Our Hopes were blasted, and our Prospects lost.  
 In vain the great Misfortune we deplore,  
 The hoist'rous Tempest drives us from the Shore,  
 And all our pleasing Comforts are no more.

Now Rebel-Sons of *Belial*, you that dare,  
 You that delight in Blood, and court the War,  
 Now rack your Spight, and in vile Colours paint  
 The pious Labours of the Blessed Saint:



For know, Ungrateful, know she's gone to prove  
 Th' immortal Sweets of Beatifick Love ;  
 Where purest Blifs, and e'en Excess of Joys,  
 An whole Eternity of Life employs :  
 Where Streams of Pleasure, ever, ever flow,  
 Such Pleasures as the Saint but there can know.

---

An Epistle to Mr. POPE,  
 ON THE  
*Death of Her late MAJESTY,*  
*Queen A N N E.*

OF BLESSED and IMMORTAL Memory.

**W**Hether the Poets in melodious Song,  
 Or, sooth our Grieffs, or flying Joys prolong ;  
 Or in soft Strains of Elegy wou'd move,  
 In late Posterity, the Tears of Love :  
 Nought do they merit but th' *Egyptian* Rod,  
 Unhallow'd Incense but prophanes a God.

'Tis not in Verse t'embalm Great *ANNA's* Name ;  
 'Tis not in Verse to swell the Cheeks of Fame,  
 If we attempt to Praise, what do we but Blaspheme ?

Say, what bold Genius ever could define  
 Th' immortal Graces of the Mind Divine ?  
 Alas ! this Genius would Perfection want,  
 Tho' Heav'n inspire, or sho' an Angel paint.

Yes

Yet, would our *HOMER* dare to merit praise,  
 Sure 'twere *Religion* to reward his Lays.  
 Would He, advent'rous sing the best of *QUEENS*;  
 Each *British* Heart should praise th' immortal Lines.

Who, without Spleen can hear a sing-song Knave,  
 In senseless Jing'les thro' the Gamut rave;  
 Turn *Persian*, and adore each rising *Sun*,  
 Yet blast those Laurels which Great *ANNA* won,  
 The brightest Monarch which e're fill'd our Throne.

Be bold then, *SIR*, exert a *Briton's* Flame,  
 Extend her Glories, and exalt her Name;  
 Oh! first and last assert Great injur'd *ANNA's* Fame.

Thine, like *Amphion's* Hand, can raise the Stone,  
 And from Destruction call our Faction's Town;  
 Make Statues weep, and ev'ry Eye to flow;  
 Such Tears to Vertue and our *QUEEN* we owe!  
 'Tis for a Goddess we your Song command;  
 A Goddess may reward *APELLES's* Hand.

On the DEATH of  
*Queen* ANNE.

*Mors, utinam pavidos vitâ subducere nolles,  
 Sed virtus te sola daret.* Lucret.

**A** Wake! my Muse, awake! 'tis time to rise,  
 When thus the *Moon* eclips'd in Darkness lies,

And all the *Stars*, which so refulgent shine,  
 Now disappear, and all their Heads decline :  
 Besides, the Azure Clouds do seem to weep,  
 As tho' some Mighty God was fall'n asleep.  
 An Omen 'tis, I fear, of some sad Fate,  
 Which does portend some Evil to our State ;  
 For as I walk along, methinks I hear  
 The *Sybil*, silent with a Panick Fear.

- \* True ! for the last Words that the *Sybil* spoke
- \* Was *ANNA's* dead, no longer me invoke ;
- \* When Pain and Anguish seiz'd her *Royal Breast*,
- \* And almost had depriv'd her of her Rest,
- \* Shenow, and then, a Sigh, or Tear would shed ;
- \* But oh ! like Frankincense, how did it spread ?
- \* But having made her Peace, she clos'd her Eyes,
- \* And made her Exit with—*Great ANNA dies.*

Why then, with others of the Sacred Lyre,  
 Do thou, my Muse, to sing her Praise, aspire.  
 Is *ANNA* dead, *ANNA* ! the Wise, the Great ;  
 Immortal *ANNA* ! the *Fanaticks* Hate ;  
 A QUEEN ! the Glory of her Sex and Age,  
 Whose Death to us does future Ills preface.  
 Oh ! Heavens, hadst thou but *ANNA's* Life preserv'd,  
 A Life by all but *Schismatics* rever'd,  
 Who tho' to them She did some Favour show,  
 Yet still did they the more obedient grow ?

Or rather did they not, such as they were,  
Contrive to fill her Breast with anxious Care?  
Which did the Anger of the Gods provoke,  
Opprest with Grief, at last her Heart they broke.  
Then might the *Clergy* freely speak their Mind,  
Nor with such Treatment meer, as since they find,  
When they might in the *Churches* pray and preach,  
What Holy Scriptures of themselves do teach.

But oh! on that, my Saryrizing Muse,  
Forbear to speak, and nobler Thoughts infuse;  
As pious Christians, we must all submit,  
To what kind *Heaven* it self for us thinks fit;  
And tho' triumphant *ANNA* now is gone,  
Yet still God's Anger will not alwas burn;  
And tho' *Republicans* against her wrice,  
As *Fiends*! in Mischief always take Delight;  
Yet still the *Muses* will her Fame Defend,  
Till Time shall be no more, and have an End.  
Tho' this is all that can by them be said,  
Now She within the *Sacred* Urn is laid,  
Death took her Mortal Part, but God her Spirit,  
That she above might endless Bliss inherit;  
And sing th' Almighty's Praise amongst the rest,  
Where lives the Souls of Saints completely blest;  
For as she liv'd, so living did retire,  
Or To join in Consort with the Heavenly Quire.

A  
**SOLILOQUY**  
 On the DEATH of  
*Queen* **ANNE.**

I.

**H**OW vain are all Things here below ?  
 How short-liv'd is our Glory !  
 Misfortunes soon reduce us low,  
 And Death concludes our Story.

I I.

Whilst in the Prime of Strength and Years,  
 Stern Age seems distant from us ;  
 E'en then we haunted are with Fears  
 Of future Woes upon us.

I I I.

Amidst our Raptures of Delight,  
 When Mirth and Joys surround us,  
 Mistups present themselves to sight ;  
 Our very Thoughts confound us.

I V.

To Happiness we all aspire,  
 But different Ways propose ;

And



And whilst too eager we desire,  
The Bliss we seek, we lose;

## V.

In vain we Wealth and Honour prize,  
In vain we long for Pow'r ;  
For still as we the higher rise,  
We only sink the lower.

## V I.

Restless we always *Something* crave,  
There's *Something* still behind ;  
That *Something's* only in the Grave,  
'Tis there we Ease shall find:

## V I I.

From thence the Pious, Good, and Just,  
To endless Pleasures rise ;  
Attended by the Heav'nly Host,  
See ANNA mount the Skies !

## V I I I.

And us of Comfort She bereaves,  
She's now with *Seraphs* seen ;  
The Joy She fought, She now receives,  
Who was both *Saint* and *Queen*.

ON THE  
 DEATH  
 Of Her Majesty,  
*Queen* ANNE.

**C**ould mournful Verse in every Mortal raise,  
 Or tender Pity, or immortal Praise,  
*Britannia* then would melt in Tears away,  
 And to eternal Night transform Her Day.  
 Than would Her Virgins in sad *Cypress* clad,  
 Bemoan the Fate of Princely *ANNA* dead.  
 The *Church*, as She has cause in Robes of Tears,  
 (Such now the very hardest Marble wears)  
 Shall weep a Flood, her Eyes find no Relief;  
 Uncommon as her Loss, so is her Grief.  
 Indulgent Mothers thus their Children moan,  
 Thus did Great *ANNA*, thus did She alone;  
 Her People's Good She made Her only Care,  
 In Peace most Sweet, most-Fortunate in War.  
 Ah, Death, thou Tyrant, thus to take the Good,  
 And leave even Virtue's Self in Widow-hood.  
 In Piety Her chiefest Glory lay,  
 They're truly Great that dare not Vice obey.

Thou

Those who to golden Crowns and Scepters give  
More real Lustre than they do receive,  
Bid fair in Time's Eternal Book to be,  
But they come short, by far, Great QUEEN of Thee.  
Ah! Glorious *Prince*, born for the Nation's Good,  
Too late thy Worth, alas, we understood.  
As Love in Absence burns with greater Heat,  
It is Enjoyment only Palls the Sweet.

He that would make thy Character compleat,  
May call Thee Good, Just, Wise, Sincere, and Great,  
Friend to the Church, and Patron to the Brave,  
When happy You did injured *Europe* save,  
And to three Kingdoms, Peace and Plenty gave,  
Yet they'll succeed as common Painters do,  
It is at best but an imperfect View  
Of those more noble Virtues known in You.

Kings may from Her a Princely Pattern take,  
And Mercy love for its own gentle sake :  
Mercy the greatest Blessing Heaven e'er gave,  
'Tis next to giving Life it self to save.  
No base inglorious Act e'er stain'd Her Throne,  
No Law more Sacred than Her Word was known.  
Thrice Happy we, if for a kind Return,  
Our Love did with an equal Ardor burn.  
If so much Goodness does not raise our Flame,  
Ingratitude her self will Blush with shame.

When

When ANNA fell, no Thunder-Storms were heard,  
 Calm as Her peaceful Mind : As if Death fear'd,  
 Some Guardian Angel with officious haste,  
 Had born Her hence e'er he his Rights had past.  
 Time, that in all things else forgetful is,  
 Will glory more in Nothing than in this,  
 That ANNA's Fame shall last as long as *He*.

To the Sacred

# MEMORY

OF

Queen ANNE.

*His saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani  
 Munere.——— Virgil.*

By Mr. R. C.

**W**hilst Britain's Sons afresh their Loss proclaim,  
 Emulous to celebrate Great ANNA's Name,  
 Upbraid base Faction with the horrid Sin,  
 Of imp'ouſly prophaning ſuch a QUEEN.  
 Do thou, my Muſe, aſſiſt the mournful Quire ;  
 Let the ſad Theme, thy tender Soul inſpire.

Thy

Thy lowly Lays in ANNA's Praises try,  
 Thy Zeal, thy want of Skill shall well supply.  
 But where wilt thou the mighty Task begin;  
 Or, how unfold the great, the wond'rous Scene?  
 Each Scene of Life does so amaze the Eye?  
 'Tis dazeld at the vast Variety;  
 Nor can we tell what Action most to praise,  
 Where ev'ry Act does equal wonder raise.

So when some Draught of *Raphael's* Hand we view,  
 With curious Eyes, each Beauty we pursue.  
 Mixt with such Skill the blended Colours shine,  
 Such Nature, so much Strength, in every Line,  
 With Wonder we pronounce the Piece Divine.  
 But where to fix, which Part to praise the most,  
 We know not, in the pleasing Transport lost.

Heav'n's glorious Master-piece, in ANNA's Mind,  
 The Great, the Good, the Merciful, was join'd.  
 Her Soul, of every Virtue was possess'd,  
 And every Grace, resid'd in Her Breast.  
 So just did She each Stage of Life adorn,  
 As tho' a Pattern to the World were born.  
 Ne'er sure were Royal Virtues more diffus'd,  
 Nor e'er were Royal Virtues better us'd;  
 Justice and Mercy both did here unite,  
 But God-like Mercy was Her chief Delight.

When



When e'er our Crimes the Sword of Justice drew,  
Her Nature wept ev'n Justice to pursue,  
Like gracious Heav'n still ready to relent,  
More pleas'd with Mercy, than with Punishment.

Let Envy say, Did Cruelty e'er Stain  
Her Mild, Her Gentle, and Her Easy Reign ?  
Did e'er our QUEEN delight in Subjects Blood ?  
In whose were e'er Her Royal Hands imbru'd ?  
No, She was ever Gracious, ever Mild,  
Like a fond Mother to Her tender Child.

With kind Compassion from Her gracious Throne,  
On suff'ring Virtue still did She look down.  
The poor She always had in great Regard ;  
None told their Wants and went without Reward.  
Her pious Hands were ever doing Good.  
And constant Favours on all Ranks bestow'd :  
All Ranks Her Loss with equal Justice mourn,  
And fill with grateful Tears Her Sacred Urn.

Oh ! could my Muse describe the glorious Saint !  
Her pure Devotion in the Temple Paint !  
Tell me, ye holy Men that waited there,  
Was it not Heav'n to see Your QUEEN in Pray'r ?  
Did not officious Angels from on high,  
Descend, and waft each Accent to the Sky ?

And when She took the Eucharistick Feast,  
Did not Seraphick Beams Her radiant Head invest?

Oh! Royal ANNE, could not these Virtues save  
From cruel Death and the destructive Grave?

Could not our Prayers the fatal Stroke Prevent,

And force the barb'rous Tyrant to relent;

In vain were Prayers, in vain all humane Aid,

In vain was Virtue, Virtue's Self fell dead,

And in our Glorious QUEEN the bright *Astrea* fled.

}

Was it for this, thou gav'st *Britannia* Peace,

And mad'st the horrid Din of Discord cease;

For this, did'st thou assuage War's bloody Strife?

To dedicate to Heav'n thy future Life?

But thou, nor Peace, nor Life on Earth must see

Launcht out into the Ocean of Eternity.

Thy Noble Soul disdaining humane Bliss,

Capacious of Eternal Happiness;

Broke from its Prison here, and took its Flight

To the calm Regions of Meridian Light.

There, there, thou sit'st upon a glorious Throne,

Changing an Earthly for an Heav'nly Crown.

Look down from thence, O Saint, serenely bright!

Still be thy Mem'ry precious in our sight,

Still may *Britannia* reverence thy Name,

And all thy Great, thy God-like Acts proclaim.

May the vile Malice of no stand'ring Tongue  
Dare offer to thy sacred Althes Wrong!  
So may'st thou to our Pray'rs propitious prove,  
Accept this Off'ring of our zealous Love,  
And of our *Queen* on Earth, become our Saint above!

A  
Pindarique ODE,  
Sacred to the  
MEMORY  
OF  
*Her Late most excellent Majesty,*  
*Queen ANNE.*  
Writ soon after her Death.

By W. PAUL, A. B. of Wadham-College, Oxon.

I.  
A Dieu, eternally adieu, thrice happy Train  
Of Graces, Smiles, and young Desire,  
Of soft Content, and am'rous Fire;  
The Glories of your peaceful Reign  
Must bless no more, so Fate decrees! your mournful Swain.  
Break

Break, break my Muse, thy Lyre ; the dancing Strings,  
That sung in lofty Numbers, lofty Things,  
Now mute, now unharmonious lye,  
The soft Embraces of the Fingers fly,  
And never more will sound of Harmony or Joy.  
For great *Eliza*, that inspir'd thy Songs,  
Whose mighty Virtues, mighty Wrongs,  
Were thy eternal Theme,  
Like *Cesar* now, or greater *Charles*, is nothing but a Name.  
Come all *Britannia's* Sons, your Loss deplore,  
For your belov'd *Eliza* is no more !  
Weep, for ever Weep, and Moan,  
For ever Sigh, and Groan,  
Till Tears no more can flow,  
Petrified, like *Niobe*, with Woe.

H.

Weep, *Helicon*, thy Fountain dry ;  
Thy Streams no more inspire,  
Nor swell the Poet's Breast with God-like Fire :  
The Virtues, which they proudly boast,  
Eh' gloomy Horrors of her Grave eternally are lost.  
Laurels, Smiles, and pompous Praise,  
The richest Tribute, which th' ungrateful Vulgar pays,  
Were but the Embryo-Birth  
She gave to learned Worth :

Each Candidate of Art, in Time, was blest  
With Title, Wealth, or honourable Trust.

None, tho' the meanest Son of Earth,  
If Merit glitter'd thro' this humble Clay,  
But by her Favours she would dignify his Birth,

File his Native Rust away,  
Call from a Cott, and fix him near her Throne.  
Thus oft great *Jove* on Earth has turn'd his Eyes,  
And found some Virtue tatter'd, and forlorn,

To Hatred damn'd, and Scorn,  
But hot with Indignation grown  
(Mankind's Injustice seen)  
Swifter than Thought he shifts the Scene,  
Snatches him thence, and seats him in the Skies.

## III.

But most, ye Sons of *Levi*, mourn,  
Ope' all the Sluices of your Eyes,  
And write Life off in Elegies;  
For your blest'd Patroness is now no more!

Who of all the sacred Train,  
That at the Altar serv'd, e'er serv'd in vain?

How did she grieve the hapless State  
Of those, whom niggard Fate  
Had sunk to meagre Poverty, and Want?  
Say, Muse, did She not more than Grieve? Her Royal Grant

Lightned



Lightned their Load of Care,

And bid 'em offer, like the Sons of Heav'n, the Sacrifice of  
Pray'r.

Nor was her Bounty stinted here,

To th' Orphan, Widow, and the Slave;

With lavish Hand She gave:

And upon ev'ry Child of Woe her Blessings showed.

Not more diffusive Goodness boasts the Sun,

Whose golden Beams eternally are thrown.

Around the World, in beautiful Array,

To bless Mankind with genial Heat, and the bright Glories  
of the Day.

*Vespasian*, whose Imperial Name

Triumphant rides upon the Wings of Fame,

That measur'd Time's swift Hand,

Not by the Ebb and Flow of Sand,

But the more regular Motions of his Mind,

Whic's ev'ry Beat, struck Blessings to Mankind,

No more Illustrious Shade shall mention'd be,

But as the Type of Thee.

IV.

What Flames of Zeal, what Pangs of sacred Love

Her Actions influenc'd, and her Passions sway'd?

Scarce the bright Choir above,

That chamber'd eternal Lays,

Eternal Hove to their great Maker's Praise,

Such Heights of Duty reach, as good *Elizas* paid?

Foul Sin, for ever haunted with a num'rous Train  
Of ghastly Fiends, that with Remorse, and Pain,  
Lash the black Soul, were banish'd from her Reign:

Which ran out gently on the Poles of Time,  
Free from the least Suspicion of a Crime;  
Each Scene unchequer'd, with the motly Brood  
Of Lust, Ambition, Tyranny, or Blood,  
Great without Pride was drawn, and, without Superstition,  
good.

## V.

What unexhausted Springs of Mercy flow'd

From Her right Hand,

And water'd all the Land!

Even on Her ungrateful Foes;  
For Some, repining at the sacred Flame,  
Her Virtues shor, full infamously wore that Name,

Like the poor Dastard Birds of Night,  
That bask in Gloom, and shudder in the Light,

The pious Soul a Waste of Blessings throws!

A Waste the Muse may sure with Justice call,

The Liberality bestow'd

On the Re-publick, snarling Crowd,

That durst prophane their Prince, and God.

## VI.

*Apollo's* Temple, was her lovely Breast,

There the whole God was proud to rest,

He left, with Joy, his Heav'n to be *Eliza's* Guest!

Wisdom

Wisdom wrapt in Lamber Flame,

He shor thro' all her Frame,

Gave her to know the Mysteries of State,

And to unravel the most dark Decrees of Fate.

Lycurgus, Numa, ev'ry Laurel'd Name

Of Greece, or Rome, that swells the Mouth of Fame,

Into Her Cabinet She took,

Remark'd on what they wrote, and what they spoke;

Their finest Sentiments transplanted here,

Which cultivated by her Care,

Sprung to a greater Height,

And stood more firm, and look'd more bright and fair.

By Nature thus enrich'd, and Art,

The Wheels of Government She mov'd around

With such unerring Skill,

With such united Force of Reason, and of Will,

That ev'ry curious Spring, and every Part,

With Order, Peace, and Happiness, was crown'd

Just so th' Almighty does whole Nature move

In Peace, and Order, Harmony, and Love.

No Rebel Atom durst prepare

For ruinous Fight, and juggle into War;

But all the Elements their native Enmity resign,

His Providence chalks out the Barrier-Line,

Which bounds their Pow'r, and bids 'em in strict Friend-  
ship join.

## VII.

*Lewin* the Great, whose daring Mind  
 Swells, as the Sea, and blusters, as the Wind,  
 Whose motly Frame, like *Aëna*, does expire,  
 Snow on the Top, and from the Bottom Fire,  
 Who the vast Limits of his *France* Disdains,  
 And tugs to bind the Universe in Chains,  
 From the big Din of War, and dread Alarms,  
 Beg'd a Cessation, and resign'd his Arms :

*A N N A*'s Superior Genius hurl'd

Down from his Head;

His Purple Honours, and his burning Lust

Of Pow'r, and dash'd 'em in the Dust ;

Swift as the Wings of Light they fled,

And freed from Panick Fear the trembling World.

Then smiling Peace shone out in bright Array,

Down thro' the *Ethereal* Plain she wing'd her Way,

Whirl'd back the Clouds, and sprung upon the Day.

## VIII.

But hold, ambitious *Muse*, to what a tow'ring Height

Would'st thou advance thy daring Flight ?

Not all the tuneful Nine,

With all th' *Ethereal* Fire they boast, can raise

Just Monuments of Praise

To great *Eliza*'s Name,

WHICH

Which more than Fame can give, tho' all Divine  
She be, with Modesty may ask from Fame.  
To say the Goddess of the *Cyprian* Grove,  
With all her killing Charms of Love,  
To say *Lucretia*, Pride of ancient *Rome*,  
(Less famous for it's Conquest than her Doom)  
Must drop the Chast, the beauteous Prize,  
Eclips'd by Her more spotless Thoughts, and Her more  
pow'rful Eyes;  
To say the Charms of Her whole Sex combin'd,  
To grace Her Form, and beautify Her Mind,  
Speak not Her Merits, but the Muses Phlegm,  
Too weak to reach the Height of such a lofty Theme.

## IX.

But see the sudden Turn of Fate!  
This Tyde of Glory, and this Shine of State,  
By our *Eliza* won with Sweat and Pain,  
Like *Sisyphus* his Stone,  
No sooner to the Top were grown,  
But down the slipp'ry Precipice they roll'd again.  
Death, with meagre Face, step'd in,  
And, with his fatal Knife,  
Struck off the Thread of Life,  
And clos'd the pompous Scene.  
But Heav'ns ! how patiently She bore



The Tyrant's Grasp, and baffled all his Pow'r !

No lab'ring Groan, no thick'd-breath'd sigh was heard,

No brinish Rain spouting from Eyes appear'd.

But Joy, with downy Wings, and comely Grace,

And sacred Love, sat smiling in her Face ;

The Soul sprung thro' Her Tenement of Clay,

Exulting loud at Nature's prosp'rous Fight,

And, thro' the milky Way,

Swift, as a Flash of Light,

Shot to the glorious Regions of eternal Day.

Thus the gay Sun, that with brisk March, does move

Around the Crystall Plains above,

First mounting from his wavy Bed,

Does o'er the Heav'ns a shining Glory spread,

But, at his Set, a bigger Blaze of Rays adorns his Head.

T O

TO THE  
 PIOUS MEMORY,  
*Of Our Late Most Excellent*  
 Queen ANNE, &c.

By JOHN ROGERSON, M. A. *Master of*  
*St. Olave's Free-School, Southwark.*

H AYL Sacred ANNE! with endless Glory crown'd,  
 Too good for Earth, too good for *British* Ground;  
 Oh! cou'd I rate thy Worth, I wou'd in Verse  
 Proclaim Thy Fame, Thy mighty Deeds rehearse;  
 But I must own, it is above my skill,  
 And my weak Hand prevents my willing Quill.  
 Yet blessed Saint! permit me to bestow,  
 Some Tears unfeign'd upon thy Shrine below,  
 Tears, the just Tribute, we *Good PRINCES* owe,  
 Let none Thy sacred Ashes trample on  
 Unpunish'd, now Thou'lt left thy Earthly Throne;  
 They who rejoice, that *Israel's* Beauty's dead,  
 Ungrazeful Wretches are to crown'd Head;

ANNE

'ANNE was the Church's Glory and Renown,  
 Once Joy, now Grief; of True Sons of the Gown.  
 They sorely then, God's Judgments never dread,  
 Who now can sing, and triumph, that She's dead;  
 Dead did I say, forbid it Heav'n that She  
 Shou'd ever die, but be alive to me.

O N

# Her MAJESTY'S D E A T H.

By Mr. GANDY.

U Ngrateful Britain! what will Europe say,  
 If Sacred ANNA thus must slide away?

No Bays, no Laurels, to adorn Her Herse,  
 Who was the Goddess of our Arms and Verse!  
 The Guardian Angel of our sacred Dome,  
 Who kept Geneva off, as far as Rome!  
 For both Pontific, and Schismatick Chair,  
 Nay, all the World of Errors stood in fear,  
 And of Her late Restrings had a wholesome share.

The

The Crozier blossom'd, as did *Aaron's* Rod,  
 And shew'd the Best of Churches serv'd her God.  
 No thorn *Ignatian's* dar'd infect our Isle,  
 Nor *John Alask* a Gracious Prince beguile.  
*York* held the Oar, Majestic *ANNA* fate  
 A pious Rectrix at the Helm of State.  
 No foaming Billows dar'd insult the Main,  
 For *York* was Pilot, and 'twas *ANNA's* Reign.  
 No clashing Swords at Land, alarm'd our Ears,  
 No Civil Discords, or Domestick Fears.  
 No *Stygian* Paths, b' infernal Ruffians trod,  
 No *British* Daggers dy'd in *British* Blood.  
 No dire Contentions did our Joys alloy,  
 But all our Strife, was, who should most obey.  
 The Sword was sheath'd, and Foreign Slaughters cease,  
 And all was Harmony, and Love, and Peace.  
 The *Flow'r de Luce* was dead, and all in view,  
 Appear'd as Verdant as our Peace was New.  
 The *Belgic-Lion* roar'd, and *Austria* saw,  
 Her *Eagle* must submit to Martial-Law ;  
 Because the *Thistle*, for succeeding time,  
 Was barr'd from sprouting in a Neigh'ring Cline.  
*Munich* and *Bonne* threw all Resentments down,  
 And serv'd the *Eagle*, in a *British* Crown.  
 Thus *Europe* smil'd, and give Great *ANN A* Praise,  
 For She from Her enjoy'd those golden Days :

Thus *Europe* truckled, thus the *Empress* sway'd,  
 While some for Fear, but more for Love obey'd.  
 Thus did *Great-Britain*, in her Zenith shine,  
 And blest the Glorious Relict of the Royal Line.  
 The UNION clapt her Wings, and stalkt in State,  
 And nothing mourn'd so much as *Gloster's* fate :  
 Plung'd in that Charm the Vessel still had reel'd,  
 Had not *Sophia* the slack Canvass fill'd.  
 The Senate's Caution, and Her Princely Care,  
 Thus blest our Orphan Isle with an Illustrious Heir ;  
 Whose future Princes from Her golden Chain,  
 Of Princely Virtues, and Her Standard Reign,  
 An uncorrupted Glory may attain.

Mourn *Britain*, for if Heav'n e'er design'd  
 A Prince to be the Darling of Mankind,  
 'Twas *She*, and *She* ( how can that Word be said ? )  
 Our Nostrils Breath, the Mighty *ANNA's* Dead.  
 Mourn *Belgia* Mourn, in Mourning *Austria* go,  
*Suevia* may Mourn, and so may *Gallia* too :  
*Europa* Mourn, and in sad Comfort say,  
 The matchless *ANNA's* gone, *Astræa's* fled away.

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## P O E M

Occasion'd by the  
*Death of Her late* MAJESTY.

**R** Etir'd within my self, thus long to mourn,  
 Despairing of my former Joy's return ;  
 Confin'd to mournful melancholy Thought,  
 Whose Cause, excess of Grief alone has wrought,  
 No Remedy to mitigate my Woe,  
 Besides what Tears and deepest Sighs allow :  
 Fain I from Words wou'd seek for some Relief,  
 Desiring thence no Cure, but Ease from Grief :  
 But oh ! the Subject now becomes too great,  
 For Sighs and Tears to show, or Words repeat.  
 This fatal Truth does *Albion* now confess,  
 And knows not how Her Sorrows to express ;  
 But for Heav'n's Promise, which prevents my Fears,  
 I shou'd expect a second Flood by Tears.  
 Time, which has ever yet been found to be,  
 Against such Ills, a Sov'reign Remedy,  
 Will useless now, and ineffectual prove,  
 And must our selves, if it our Grief remove :

For all till Death must this great Loss deplore,  
 When Time it self with us can be no more.  
 For ever Sacred be her Memory ;  
 From swift-pac'd Times destructive Power free,  
 'till swallow'd with it in Eternity.  
 What Blessings did we promise to our Isle ?  
 What blooming Hopes did adverse Fate beguile ?  
 Those ill Examples which in Courts abound,  
 ( Where Vice in all alluring Shapes is found ; )  
 Caus'd on Her well fix'd Virtues no Restraint ;  
 Like Mercy kind, and Pious as a Saint.  
 Ne'er were in one so many Graces seen ;  
 Meek, tho' so Great, and Humble, tho' a QUEEN.  
 Vice in a Torrent long o're-flow'd the Land,  
 Which She alone was able to withstand :  
 Nor only so, but stemm'd th' increasing Flood,  
 And shew'd the Excellence of being Good.  
 This She durst do, and do at such a Time,  
 When Vice was hugg'd, and Virtue thought a Crime.  
 Virtue felt an Eclipse till she appear'd ;  
 And scarce more than the Name was known or heard.  
 What Virtues scatter'd in the Sex appear  
 In Her a glorious Constellation were.  
 We now (since She from Care below's releas'd)  
 May truly say that Miracles are ceas'd.

But

But say, Oh ! Whither, whither is She fled ?  
 Methinks I hear Grief whisper, She is Dead.  
 Oh ! never say She's Dead, can such Worth be,  
 Like us, subjected to Mortality ?  
 Say rather, on an Embassy She's gone,  
 (As none so fit) to the Celestial Throne,  
 (As whilst on Earth we were Her chiefest Care,  
 So now) to fix a firm Alliance there.

ON  
 Queen ANNE'S  
 DEATH.

By Mr. GREGG.

**I**N gloomy Scenes of Grief, *BRITANNIA* lies,  
 Fates cut the Thread, illustrious *ANNA* dies.  
 The fatal Stroke spreads Terrors all around,  
 In Briny Tears each Loyal Subject's drown'd,  
 From Heaven's high vaulted Arch their dreadful Cries  
 resound.  
 Struck with Despair, the headless People fly,  
 The dismal Prospect of a low'ring Sky,  
 Accuse the lingering Fates, and wish to dye.

Since *ANNA* is no more, and *Virtue* fled,  
 To th' blissful Regions *Britain's* Genius dead.  
 Our Sighs are lost, and Floods of Tears are vain,  
*Elixian* Shades our noblest Parts retain,  
 Nor can Fate now restore the Bliss again.  
 Cease therefore *Britons* to lament Her Death,  
 Since She serene and calm resign'd Her Breath.  
 Conscious of nought that could disturb Her Breast,  
 Smiles in her Agonies, and seems at rest.  
 Her Country's safety, and its Faith's Defence,  
 Relief of th' Injur'd, Guard of Innocence.  
 With equal Justice did Her Laws maintain,  
 And Heaven well-pleas'd smil'd on Her Glorious Reign.

---

On the much lamented DEATH

OF THE

Most Pious and Illustrious Princess,

Her late MAJESTY,

Queen A N N E.

Who died, August 1. 1714.

---

**F**ROM joyous Songs, and from the vocal Groves,  
 Which *Camus* cherishes, or *Isis* loves;  
 Ye Sacred Sisters, whose harmonious Sound  
 Diffus'd the gladfom Notes of Peace around.

Too soon by cruel Fate you're call'd away,  
To cease your Triumphs for that happy Day.  
A sudden Cloud o'ertakes your rising Sun,  
And veils the Glories which were scarce begun.  
Your Royal Mistress, whose Indulgent Reign  
New strung your Harps, and swell'd each sprightly Strain;  
She whose dear Life was all you wish'd to have,  
All that could crown the Blessings which she gave,  
Is now no more, the fleeting Joy is past,  
Too good, too great, too exquisite to last.  
Unworthy we! Just Heaven resumes its own,  
To call such Virtue to a brighter Throne,  
Where no Ingrates, no Clamours can molest  
The Realms of Peace, and her Eternal Rest:  
There shall she live from Cares of Empire free,  
Nor bear the tedious Pains of dull Mortality.  
That Clime no Storms of Rage or Envy knows,  
But leaves far off the Trains of human Woes.  
The bright Inhabitants a Calm enjoy,  
Sweet as those Objects which their Souls employ.  
Pleasure is here a visionary Taste,  
But there a solid Good, which Time can never waste.  
Ye blest'd, from your Immortal Seats arise,  
Receive the Darling of our weeping Eyes,  
She blest'd our Earth, and will adorn your Skies.



Receive her as no Stranger to the Place;  
 But worthy of the Pious Martyr's Race.  
 Long since to your Abode the Way she knew,  
 And tho' she liv'd with us, convers'd with you.  
 No Day her Sacred Tribute e'er detain'd,  
 To him she still address'd by whom she reign'd;  
 To him with holy Violence she su'd,  
 Whose Graces her Celestial Mind imbu'd.  
 This was the Vital Flame which warm'd her Heart,  
 Where vain Ambition never bore a Part.  
 Thus arm'd, Heaven's Foes, and Britain's she withstood;  
 In Meekness Great, and obstinately Good.  
 To Heaven behold her prostrate lowly down,  
 And Greater so, than circled with a Crown;  
 That splendid Burthen could not tempt her Eye,  
 Well taught, and well prepar'd to lay it by.  
 Her Poeples Happiness was all her Care,  
 With this no Wealth of *Indies* could compare,  
 Nor all the dazzling Pomp that *Asian* Monarchs wear.  
*Britannia* all her Sovereign's Love possess'd,  
 And reign'd unrival'd in the Royal Breast.  
 From that rich Source auspicious Kindness flow'd,  
 And smiling Joys on all around bestow'd.  
 Scarce in more tender Streams the Current run,  
 To her dear Consort, or her blooming Son.

Tho' who can tell the Wife's or Mother's Pain,  
 For young *Marcellus* \*, and the Royal *Dane* †.  
 But grudge we not those happy Shades their Due,  
 In loving them she lov'd her People too.  
 Hail Mighty Dead ! no more shall Fare disjoin  
 Your Sacred Love, or interrupt its Line,  
 'Twas more than Mortal here, but now 'tis all Divine.  
 But where, O where, would roving Thought aspire,  
 As touch'd with Beams of the Celestial Fire ?  
 The Glorious State is shut from human View,  
 And *Albion's* Loss will Sighs and Tears renew.  
 ANNA no more shall grace the Sphere below,  
 But mournful we the sad Procession go,  
 And wait around her Tomb, the Dreary Vale of Woe.

Attend ye *Britons* on the Royal Urn,  
 For such a QUEEN 'tis impious not to mourn.  
 But chiefly you whom Sacred Duty ties,  
 The last religious Rites to solemnize ;  
 Ye venerable Worthies of the Gown,  
 Who ANNA's Bounties have so largely known,  
 Return your grateful Tribute to her Name,  
 Her bright Example to the World proclaim,  
 And tho' she's gone, still keep her in her Fame.

\* The Duke of Gloſter. † Prince George.

For well she lov'd, and pitied all your Wrongs,  
 Sav'd you from Want, and from opprobrious Tongues,  
 Yet to her Memory no Temples raise,  
 Her self has fix'd those Monuments of Praise:  
 This noble Piety will far out-vie  
 Whatever Efforts human Arts can try :  
 Shall live when Nature is it self decay'd,  
 When the last Ruin shall the World invade,  
 And Pyramids shall sink, in long Oblivion laid.

ON

*Sir Godfrey Kneller's*

Last PICTURE of

Her M A J E S T Y.

**S**TAY Passenger, if you have Time, and see  
 The Royal ANNA in Effigie :  
 As in th' Original the Shades descry  
 True Signs of Virtue, as of Majesty ;  
 Next view Her Great in War, as when She sent  
 Her conqu'ring Armies thro' the Continent.

But

But *CATO* like, she dy'd before she'd see  
 Her People ruin'd by a Ministry †.  
 Now first lament her Fate, then own thou'lt seen,  
 The finest Picture of the finest QUEEN.

---

To the QUEEN,  
 On the  
 P E A C E.

---

By Dr. ADAMS.

---

**G**REATEST of QUEENS, who make while You preside,  
*Europe* the World's, and *Britain* Europe's Pride ;  
 Now full-grown Conquest offers at your Feet  
 Her ripen'd Harvest, and her Fruits complete,  
 The destin'd Turns of happy Times appear,  
 And of the *Great*, rolls on the *Greatest* Year.  
 PALLAS now quits her Shield, serene her Face  
 In peaceful Ornaments, and milder Grace,  
 To you she dedicates her diff'rent Pow'rs,  
 And all the Goddesses and her Arts are Yours.

---

† Plainly evidenc'd, by Her Majesty's taking the Staff from the Earl of Oxford.

The Earth in Storms, and Tumults, late engag'd,  
While Armies battled, and while Faction rag'd,  
Now on her blissful *Calm* her Thoughts employs,  
And wonders at the Blessings she enjoys.

Mean while in cloudless Majesty is seen  
*Goodness* with explicated Brow serene,  
The finish'd deed the mighty Author loves,  
And in its own Effects, it self approves.

So when Almighty Power the Chars broke,  
And Light from Darkness into Being spoke,  
Eternal Wisdom smil'd upon the Draught,  
Praising the Work, which he himself had wrought.

See, mighty QUEEN, thy Fleets securely sweep  
The subject Seas, and Kingdoms of the Deep;  
The fruitful *Earth*, and boundless *Ocean* too,  
Freed by your Hands, their Tribute pay to You,  
*Britannia's* blooming Heroes die no more  
The fatal *Scheld*, or *Ister's* Purple Shore:  
Triumphs obtain'd at that Expence of Blood  
Lost half their Value by so dear a Flood.  
*Gallia* enslav'd with all her Pomp, and State  
Were a sad Purchase at so high a Rate.

But ye illustrious Shades rejoice below,  
Share ye your Country's Bliss, who shar'd her Woe;

Your



Queen ANNE.

61

Your Country now, in PEACE securely Great,  
Receives the Price of your untimely Fate.

But thou *Britannia's* Pride, whose pow'rful Hand  
Asserts the Empire of the Sea, and Land,  
Whose Providence *Europa's* Guardian Prov'd,  
Blessing the World, by all the World belov'd.  
Tho' your Bright Court the crowding Nations draws  
And Kings contend to crown you with Applause,  
Yet not averse, accept our lesser Praise  
The meaner *Muse*, and her officious Lays,  
Accept her Lays, but with that Gracious Eye  
That bids tumultuous War, and Faction die,  
Your Thunder now laid down propitious hear,  
And in your milder Attributes appear.

---

G

Serenissimæ

Serenissima REGINÆ

ANNE

EPITAPHIUM.

**P** Laudite, Cœlicolæ, quia vobis addittur  
ANNA,

Et nunc cum CAROLO Martyrē regnat  
ovans :

Quæq; dedit Pacem in terris, Regina beata,

Æterna in Cœlis præmia Pacis habet.

Johannes Freman.



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